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Thursday Noon Series

presents

MUSIC AND POETRY

Introduction by Prof. Christopher Barnes

Sergei Prokofiev
(1891-1953)

Five Poems of Anna Akhmatova, op. 27
Sunlight Filled the Room
True Tenderness
Memory of Sunlight
Greeting!
The Grey-Eyed King

Leslie Bradley, *soprano*
John Hawkins, *piano*

Igor Stravinsky
(1882-1971)

Two Poems and Three Japanese Lyrics
The Little Forget-Me-Not
The Dove
Akahito
Mazatsumi
Tsaraiuki

Leslie Bradley, *soprano*
Elizabeth Janzen, *flute*
Jennifer Buller, *flute and piccolo*
Gregory Williams, *clarinet*
Rebecca Sajo, *clarinet and bass clarinet*
Akemi Mercer and Aidan Pendleton, *violins*
Claudine Guidoin, *viola*
Ariel Barnes, *cello*
Rachelle Risling, *piano*
John Hawkins, *conductor*

Thursday, November 9, 12:10 p.m.

Walter Hall, Free

Edward Johnson Building
80 Queen's Park Crescent

Christopher Barnes studied at the University of Cambridge and Moscow State University. He worked in the Department of Russian at St. Andrews University, Scotland, for 22 years and came to Toronto in 1989, where he is professor and chairman of the Department of Slavic Languages and Literatures. Apart from an ongoing specialization in modern Russian poetry, he has given lecture-recitals, broadcast and written on Russian musical topics, and is at present working on a monograph on Scriabin and on a history of Russian pianism.

Leslie Bradley graduated from the University of Toronto Faculty of Music in the spring of 2000 receiving her Mus. Bac. in performance. She is currently enrolled in the Opera Division and recently appeared in the opera school's production of "The Last Duel" by Gary Kulesha. Leslie's voice teacher is Mary Morrison.

SERGEI PROKOFIEV: FIVE POEMS OF ANNA AKHMATOVA, Opus 27

I. "Sunlight filled the room..."

[8 НОЯБРЯ 1913]

Sunlight filled the room
With dust, yellow and translucent.
I awoke, and I recollected:
Today, my dear, is your name-day.
That is why outside the windows
Even the snow-decked horizon glows warmly.
And that is why even I, insomniac,
Slept as though after communion.

Солнце комнату наполнило
Пылью желтой и сквозной.
Я проснулась и припомнила:
Милый, нынче праздник твой.
Оттого и оснеженная
Даль за окнами тепла,
Оттого и я, бессонная,
Как причастница спала.

II. "True Tenderness"

True tenderness cannot be confused
With anything else. And it is quiet and still.
Quite needlessly you carefully swaddle
My shoulders and breast in furs.

Настоящую нежность не спутаешь
Ни с чем, и она тиха.
Ты напрасно бережно кутаешь
Мне плечи и грудь в меха.

And needlessly you speak these deferential
Words about first love.
How well I know that staring,
Unsated look in your eyes!

И напрасно слова покорные
Говоришь о первой любви.
Как я знаю эти упорные,
Несытые взгляды твои!

III. "Memory of Sunlight"

Memory of sunlight fades in the heart.
The grass turns yellow.
The wind wafts early snowflakes
Faintly here and there.

Память о солнце в сердце слабеет.
Желтее трава.
Ветер снежинками ранними веет
Едва-едва.

In empty sky a willow has spread
Its fan of tracery.
Maybe it is better that I never
Became your wife.

Ива на небе пустом распластала
Веер сквозной.
Может быть, лучше, что я не стала
Вашей женой.

Memory of sunlight fades in the heart.
What is this? Darkness?
Maybe. Overnight will come
Winter.

Память о солнце в сердце слабеет.
Что это? Тьма?
Может быть!.. За ночь прийти успеет
Зима.

IV. "Greeting!"

Greetings! Do you hear a slight rustle
To the right of the table?
You'll never finish writing those lines:
I've come to visit you.
Surely you'll not offend me
As you did last time -
Saying you cannot see my hands,
Neither hands nor eyes.
Here with you all is bright and simple.
Don't drive me away to that place
Beneath the oppressive arch of a bridge
Where dirty water turns chill.

Здравствуй! Легкий шелест слышишь
Справа от стола?
Этих строчек не допишешь -
Я к тебе пришла.
Неужели ты обидишь
Так, как в прошлый раз, -
Говоришь, что рук не видишь,
Рук моих и глаз.
У тебя светло и просто.
Не гони меня туда,
Где под душным сводом моста
Стынет грязная вода.

V. "The Grey-Eyed King"

Glory to thee, inescapable pain!
Yesterday the grey-eyed king died.

The autumn evening was sultry and red.
On returning, my husband calmly said:

"You know, they brought him back from the hunt.
They found his body by an old oak.

Oh, pity the queen! He was so young!
In a single night her hair turned grey."

He took his pipe from the mantelpiece
And went off to his night's work.

I shall waken my daughter right away
And gaze into her little grey eyes.

And outside the window the poplar trees rustle:
- "Your king is no more on this earth..."

СЕРОГЛАЗЫЙ КОРОЛЬ

Слава тебе, безысходная боль!
Умер вчера сероглазый король.

Вечер осенний был душен и ал,
Муж мой, вернувшись, спокойно сказал:

«Знаешь, с охоты его принесли,
Тело у старого дуба нашли.

Жаль королеву. Такой молодой!...
За ночь одну она стала седой».

Трубку свою на камине нашел
И на работу ночную ушел.

Дочку мою я сейчас разбужу,
В серые глазки её погляжу.

А за окном шелестят тополя:
«Нет нз замле твоего короля...»

IGOR STRAVINSKY: TWO POEMS BY KONSTANTIN BALMONT

"The Little Forget-Me-Not"

The little forget-me-not flowerlet
Blossoms so tenderly.
For you, my friend, your little friend
Grows there over the water.

Over the water, over the spring,
Above the spring waters
At dawn it talks with a little starlet
Saying "Could you just be mine!"

Forget-me-not, o little flower,
Little eye of tender blue.
Your little friend still calls you.
Do you hear the tiny piping voice?

"The Dove"

A dove settled by a chamber window.
Who was there? What did he spy there?
There was the dove with body tender white -
And there in the window was a flower so red.

The white dove cooed and crooned
And captivated the little flower,
Enchanted it,
Took his pleasure, then flew away.

O little white dove,
You went and forgot the flower so red.
O little white dove,
Come back if only for one short hour!

«Незабудочка-цветочек»

Незабудочка- цветочек
очень ласково цветет.
Для тебя, мой друг, дружок
Над водицею растет.

Над водицей, над криницей,
Над водою ключевой,
На заре с звездой звездицей
Говорит: ты будто мой!

Незабудочка-цветочек,
Нежно-синенький глазок,
Всё зовет тебя дружок.
Слышишь нежный голосок?

«Голубь»

Голубь к терему припал.
Кто там, что там подсмотрел?
Голубь телом нежно бел,
На оконце ж цветик ал.

Белый голубь ворковал.
Он цветочком завладел.
Он его зачаровал,
Наслаждался, улетел.

Ах ты белый голубок,
Позабыл ты ал цветок.
Ах ты белый голубок,
Воротись хоть на часок!

IGOR STRAVINSKY: THREE JAPANESE LYRICS

I

Akahito

I wanted to show you the white flowers
in the garden.
But snow has started falling. Now there's no
distinguishing between snow and flowers.

Я белые цветы в саду тебе хотел
показать.
Но снег пошел. Не разобрать, где снег и
где цветы!

II

Mazatsumi

The spring has come. From chinks in
the ice crust foaming streams have
come spouting: they want to be the
first white flowers of joyous spring.

Весна пришла. Из трещин ледяной коры
запрыгали, играя, в речке пенные струи:
они хотят быть первым белым цветом
радостной весны.

III

Tsaraiuki

What is that white shimmer in the distance?
Everywhere it is as if there were clouds
between the hills. Those are the cherries
flowering. The longed-for spring has come.

Что это белое вдали! Повсюду, словно
облака между холмами. То вишни
расцвели. Пришла желанная весна.

(Russian text by A. Brandt)